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fore unvexed by any inconvenient rivalry with Fortuny. He paints the solidity, the metallic weight of its waters, where Fortuny would have captured its transfiguration of vibrating air. The sojourns of Rico in Venice have taught him to like Canaletto and Guardi, and have affected even his treatment of other waters. The very banks of the Seine, in his recent pictures, partake of the gray and pewter-like colors of Canaletto's dikes, and his scenes of "French Washerwomen on the Seine" and "Boating-parties on the Seine" (both bought at the Hart-Sherwood sale by Mr. D. O. Mills) have a leaden ponderosity of water, a sheet-metal blink of light, far more characteristic of Canaletto or his pupil than of Fortuny.

Rico, therefore, has the distinction of knowing how to paint shoulder to shoulder with the most magnetic art influence of the day without borrowing its style.

So long ago as the Exposition Universelle of 1867, Martin Rico was ready to exhibit, with no 'prentice-like shortcomings of style. In that year he sent a view of the environs of Gavass, in the Pyrenees, from his Paris

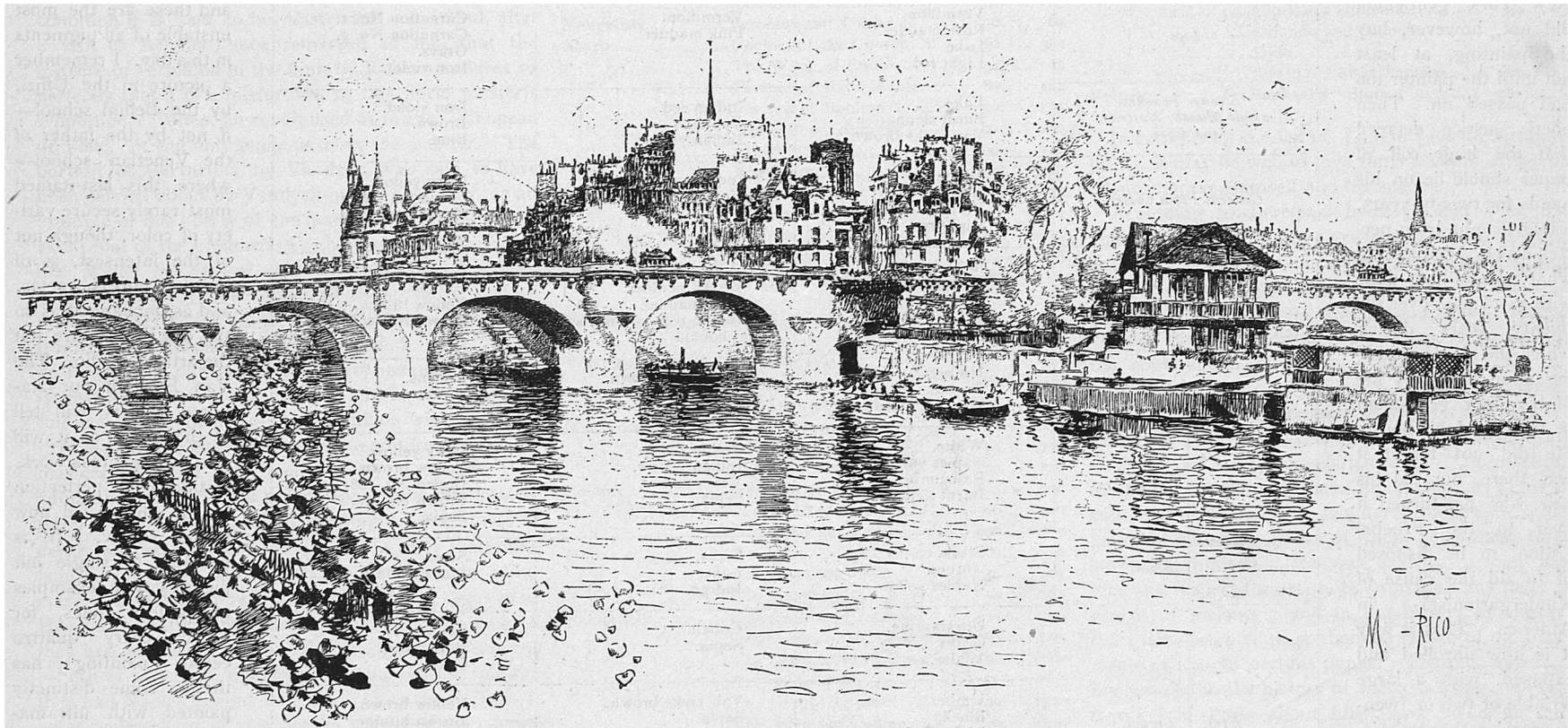
BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

ART EXHIBITIONS—A BOY SCULPTOR—STORY OF A SENSATIONAL CARTOON—REMARKABLE ARCHITECTURE.

BOSTON, October 18, 1880.

ALL the present indications regarding the approaching exhibition of contemporary American art are of a very promising character. The interest appears to be extensive, and the artists of your city, as well as our own, are evidently calculating upon an exhibition in which it will be advisable to put one's best foot forward. Indeed the physical conditions of the exhibition necessitate a high standard of admission. The wall-space of the painting-galleries of the museum, even after everything is stowed away that can be removed out of the permanent contents of the museum, is not over-extensive, so that admission to the exhibition will of itself be esteemed something of a recognition by our younger brood of artists at least. What there may be

works here, was accepted "with the congratulations of the jury"—an extraordinary honor for any artist. It is a portrait bust of his grandmother. It is instinct with life and naturalness, a clear and powerful rendering of individuality and character. Accompanying it is a little bronze of a kid's head and neck. The utter babyishness of the kid's nose and mouth, the truthful turn of the muscles of its neck, and the masterly knowledge displayed in affixing its ears, which look ready to wag "as quick as a wink" should a fly hover about them, the liveliness, humor and originality which make a little subject that is trite enough in such bronzes a work of striking interest, charm and fascination, all stamp the production as one of a rare talent. It is pleasant to know that such talent is in good keeping; that the gifted boy's parents understand the value of his endowment; that they have higher views than to push him as a prodigy; that he is to be allowed to have his childhood out boy-fashion, working only at his own sweet will; but that his own choice of amusement takes him to the Paris galleries and his home work-room; that a



"VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE SEINE." DRAWN BY MARTIN RICO.

(SEE PAGE 112.)

studio, No. 13 Rue de l'Oratoire. To that of 1878 he contributed such selections as "A By-Street in Venice," and "Stairway in the House of Pilate in Seville." Venice has enthralled him with her spell, and he gives the greater part of his attention to interpreting her charms. A view of Venice, almost all water, with but a fringe of distant buildings against the sky, ornaments the collection of Mr. Anthony J. Drexel. Another, where the buildings fill the foreground and assume a brilliant importance, has recently been added to the gallery of Mr. William T. Walters. A third, with the Piazza and the gondolas of the Slaves' Quay, is a lively attraction in Mr. Henry C. Gibson's collection.

Thus Martin Rico, however he may dally with other streams, is wedded to the Grand Canal. To this chosen scene he brings up the rarest qualities of interpretation. The Venice of Turner is hazy, the Venice of Canaletto is zinc, the Venice of Guardi is like an architect's elevation, the Venice of Ziem is like a gauze veil, while the Venice of Rico is crisp, rustling, graphic, with the burnished look of metal in the crucible about its waves, and the biting shadows of southern noon about its architecture. EDWARD STRAHAN.

of undiscovered talent in this class of workers is one of the most exciting subjects of speculation in connection with the exhibition, among those who have had some knowledge of the art schools during the past two or three years.

The last monthly exhibition of the St. Botolph Club was not particularly rich in fresh work. Indeed, judging by what has thus far appeared, or rather not appeared, the past summer has not been an "apple year" for the artists. There was a new portrait by F. P. Vinton, a couple of characteristic poetic marines by Bunce of New York, and some broad and tender water-colors by J. Foxcroft Cole, who has also added etching to his recent excursions outside the field of landscape painting after the great modern French school, of which he is one of the very best American illustrators. But the sensation of the collection was a couple of pieces of modelling by the boy sculptor, Bartlett, the French son of the well-known Boston sculptor of that name. I say French son because the boy was born and has always lived in France, and his mother is a Frenchwoman. He is the youngest sculptor ever admitted to the French Salon, and his Salon piece, which is one of the two

school he is a somewhat remarkable scholar in the classics; and that the eminent sculptor, Fremiet, is a near neighbor and friend of the family.

A vast cartoon on wrapping-paper is the last sensation in art here. It fills the whole of one side of the room devoted to water-colors at the Art Museum during special exhibitions. It is itself a water-color, twelve feet by twenty! It is a curiosity in art in more ways than one. The subject is "Daniel in the Lion's Den," which indicates somewhat the period and school of modern art which it represents: the English school of the last generation. Daniel—a very handsome man, by the way, with fine eyes, rolled heavenward, and neatly dressed hair and beard—in a red mantle with blue skirts, kneels in the middle; a beautiful lady angel in pinks and purples hovers just above him with a protecting gesture, and the lions are disposed around the lower sides with the regularity of composition of the illustrated frontispiece to a subscription Family Bible. But these beasts are not to be sneezed at. As drawings of animals they must command the most respectful study and unequivocal admiration. The strength and massiveness of the king of beasts are not merely general-

ized, but built up out of the hard facts of his anatomy, the broad, heavy paw, the thick foreleg and the lithe flank. The majestic face is not exaggerated in its semi-human expression, but whether he be gone to sleep in desperation over Daniel, or be wide awake watching his chance for a piece of a truly good man, his expression is simply of nature's own ferocity and brute blankness—not the caricature of human character with which Landseer saw fit to endow his animals. Seeing this truthful reserve and loyal respect for "the modesty of nature," one listens with patience to the tale of the artist's having bought and supported the animals he used as models in this picture. The rest of the story of the picture is less relevant artistically. It is that the artist, who was an Englishman named Burbank, painted the cartoon as a "slight token" of the love he bore an American young lady, whose spirit, for she had passed on before, he averred guarded him from the temptations amid which an artist is cast, and whose father, being a wealthy man, he thought might like to buy the picture. The New York gentleman did not, however, buy the painting, at least not until the painter too had passed on. Then poetic justice decreed that the huge roll of paper should lie on his hands for twenty years, a huge conundrum perpetually demanding what should be done with it. I pass over the twenty years during which the roll lay pressing upon the daily life of the poor gentleman in the top of his house. He did not forget it was there, nor did his heir, who has turned it over to the Froebel Union, to be disposed of to aid the cause of Kindergartenism in America. That is why it is now unrolled and exposed, with a large wrinkle or two of twenty years' gathering raised down across the middle of it. As I have said, the drawing of the lions and the clever way in which their fur, and their claws and thews under their fur, and the tight-shut eyes of their sleep, and their natural relaxed attitudes therein, are painted, are sufficient justification for its resurrection. But it does take up a good deal of room.

The Art Club is still adhering to its ambitious project of building an elegant house on the square on the Back Bay on which front Trinity Church, the Art Museum, and the new Old South, and near by which the new Public Library is to be reared, making, with the Institute of Technology and Natural History Museum, the Hotel Brunswick and the new marble Hotel Vendôme in the same neighborhood, an unsurpassed display of stately and beautiful architecture. The most striking thing in architecture however, even in this splendid district, is the new house of Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, the bachelor minister of Trinity. It is an "Early English" cottage,

in brick and terra-cotta, with a low, rambling, tiled roof, full of little dormer windows. It is a triumph of oddity, in fact, so unique in its too conscious cot-like humility and sixteenth century quaintness as to be a bit sensational and unbecoming to its owner, so many good people think. The disadvantage of this sort of cot building in growing cities is that the next house to the lowly one of this high-priced variety of simplicity is more likely than not to be one of the regulation city-block houses, so that a lofty brick dead-wall must forever be towering above the terra-cotta cot in place of the foliage that should be there to carry out the old English idea,

THE MEDIEVAL ARTIST'S COLOR-BOX.

II.

CONTINUING his remarks upon the artist's materials of the middle ages, Mr. W. Holman Hunt says :

On taking a retrospective survey of painting, from the days when the process called oil-painting was first invented by the Van Eycks, the most remarkable fact that arrests our attention is that the earliest works are still the brightest as to light and the strongest in color, the most ambitious in these particulars originally, and the best preserved in white and color to this day. A

magnifying-glass reveals no defect in the ground, beyond the existence of some minute cracks, caused apparently by the dilatation and contraction of the wood or the canvas, which has caused the enamelled surface to form itself into separate but closely adjacent and fitting parts, like the surfaces divided on a crackle jar. The most precarious of colors, the brightest green, and even the yellows, inclining to dandelion tint, are perfectly preserved ; and these are the most unstable of all pigments in this day. I remember a picture in the Uffizi, by the Bellini school—if not by the father of the Venetian school—where this last-named most rarely secure variety of color, though not of the intensest, is of beautiful pure character, and as unchanged as on the day the picture left the artist's studio. The Van Eyck in our National Gallery will tell of the green, as it will also, in the brass work, testify to the perfection of the tint called now lemon yellow. It is needless to single out pictures with examples of perfect blues, for nearly every quattro cento painting has these ; some distinctly painted with ultramarine, but others of a more steel-tarnished tint, which, in these days, would require Prussian or Antwerp blue. Of crimsons there is every variety in perfection. Of purples there are but few examples. Purple was not often used by the old masters ; a warm tone of this is in the vest of the standing-up figure in the "Adoration of the Magi," called Gior-

gone in our gallery ; another is in a portrait, by Titian, at Temple Newsome. Our unfinished Michael Angelo will convince us that they knew perfectly how to make the most precious tint of vermilion—the orange tone—permanent ; and many other pictures in our collection in Trafalgar Square will prove the perfection of durability of other shades of cinnabars. In the "Vision of Ezekiel," by Raffaele, in the Uffizi, the sky is painted with an intense lemon yellow, which has no taint of failing in it. The "Bacchus and Ariadne" will show many triumphs in dealing with difficult pigments, in addition to the stanch quality of the orpiment on the

COLORS AND HINTS FOR FIGURE PAINTING.

The following instructive table of oil, water, and mineral colors for use in figure painting has been prepared for THE ART AMATEUR by Prof. Camille Piton as a general guide for beginners :

	OIL PAINTING.	WATER-COLOR PAINTING.	CHINA PAINTING.
Palettes for Figure Painting.	White. Naples Yellow. Yellow ochre. Light red. Venetian red. Indian red. Raw umber. Raw sienna. Burnt sienna. Vermilion. Rose madder. Van Dyke brown. Ivory black. Cobalt. Ultramarine. Lake.	Indian yellow. Venetian red. Indian red. Vermilion. Pink madder. Brown madder. Cobalt blue. Sepia. Van Dyke brown. Yellow ochre. Lake.	Carnation No. 1. Carnation No. 2. Ivory yellow. Yellow for mixing. Brown No. 108. Brown bitume. Yellow brown. Yellow ochre. Iron violet. Gray No. 1. Warm gray. Greenish blue. Black.
Lips.	Vermilion. Rose madder. Lake. Light red.	Vermilion. Pink madder.	Carnation No. 1. Carnation No. 2. Grays. Iron violet.
Strong Touches about Mouth, Nostrils, and Eyes.	Lake. Burnt sienna. Van Dyke brown.	Indian red. Cobalt. Indian yellow.	Iron violet. Brown. Blue.
General Flesh Colors.	White. Naples yellow. Vermilion. Light red.	Indian yellow. Venetian red.	Ivory yellow. Carnation No. 1. Carnation No. 2.
General Shadow Tints.	Indian red. Raw umber. Black.	Sepia. Brown madder. Pink madder. Indian red, lowered with cobalt.	Browns. Bitume. Yellow brown. Brown No. 108.
Hair, <div>Brown, Blonde, Black,</div>	Umbers. Sienna. Van Dyke brown.	Van Dyke brown. Sepia.	Browns. Sepia.
	White. Naples yellow. Raw umber. Burnt sienna.	Yellow ochre. Indian yellow. Venetian red. Sepia.	Ivory yellow. Yellow brown. Brown No. 108. Brown bitume. Sepia.
	Black. Umber. Naples yellow.	Sepia. Lake. Indigo.	Sepia. Black.
Eyes, <div>Blue, Brown, Gray,</div>	Ultramarine. Grays. White.	Cobalt. Sepia.	Sky blue. Blue green. Gray.
	Umber. Black. Light Red. White.	Van Dyke brown. Sepia.	Yellow brown. Brown bitume. Sepia.
	Cobalt. Light Red. Gray. White.	Cobalt. Sepia.	Gray. Black.

The following are Prof. Piton's general rules for figure painting :

1. The drawing must be as perfect as possible, with the shadows and half-tints fully indicated.
2. All the shadows of flesh must have gray edges.
3. The darkest parts of shadows are near their edges, the middle being lighted by reflected light.
4. Strong shadows of flesh always incline to red.
5. Put gray tints between the hair and the flesh, bluish tints on the temples, and greenish tints over the sockets of the eyes.
6. The colors should always be bright and pure, especially in water-color and china painting ; do not mix too many colors at a time ; the simpler the painting, the better the effect.

and presenting a disfigurement to the street that must also be permanent.

GRETA.

THE judges for the Prize Competition designs of the Decorative Art Society of Baltimore will have rendered their decisions before our next number appears. On "painted articles" the judges are Miss Grace Carter, of South Kensington ; Miss Adams, Miss Eaton (chairman of the China Committee), and Messrs. Goodyear and Volkman, of New York. On portières; the judges are Miss Carter, Mr. Goodyear, and Mrs. Reed.